

By MARK TWAIN

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED

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I know Barabas has a heart as hard and cold as iron. I love my own, and my own, poor thing, poor thing, I cannot bear it—she's gone and lost her heart to this man! what has happened? But how could we? Nobody could. Nobody could have dreamed of such a thing. You cannot expect a woman to fall in love with a villain, and this one doesn't even amount to that."

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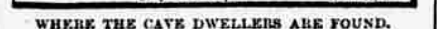
LATE DISCOVERIES ABOUT THEM

le of the Rocks." Their women are unequalled for beauty among the North African races. None of the pleasures that have encouraged them to the neighborhood of the mountains seem to be of volcanic origin, of hot springs and geysers, and the natives say the sulphur they collect is their only riches. Several thousands of them live among these mountains, and in the high passes there are blocks of lava under roofs of beams or boscage ranches. The flesh and milk of goats are almost their sole food. They lead, however, anything but an idyllic existence. Their life is that of a life surrounded by hunters. On

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HOW TOM BOWEN WON ALL 3

lectioneering With "Ten Nights in a Barroom."
From the Minneapolis Tribune.

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